GUNN · BLANCH · WALLIS · LENTZ

GOOD BOY

PRODIGAL SON

MISSING
FLINT SPARKS

MISSING
FLINT SPARKS

MISSING
FLINT SPARKS

KIT

SOURCE POINT PRESS

VOL 3 · 04

MATURE

GOOD BOY

PRODIGAL SON

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SOURCE POINT PRESS

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BONITA MORALES ROSA.

IT'S TRULY A PLEASURE TO FINALLY MEET YOU.

MY, YOU ARE A PRETTY ONE.

YOU MUST KNOW THIS ISN'T PERSONAL.

I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP WITH THIS--WE GIRLS NEED TO STICK TOGETHER.

IT'S JUST UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU THAT I NEED YOU TO LURE A GAZELLE INTO THE LION'S DEN.

HMPF MMM HMPF

RELAX...I NEED YOU TO SAVE YOUR ENERGY FOR WHAT COMES NEXT.

FLIK

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, MY BEAUTIFUL ROSE, BUT TONIGHT...

...FLINT SPARKS WILL DIE.

AND IT'S GOING TO BE SPECTACULAR.

SNIDE BITCH WINK

CONSIDER IT A FAVOR. YOU CAN DO BETTER.

LOCK IT DOWN.

IF SHE CAUSES ANY TROUBLE...WELL, GET CREATIVE. BUT DO NOT KILL HER. **YET.**

SLAM!

IT'S QUIET.

A LITTLE TOO--

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? WHAT ARE YOU, A COMIC BOOK CHARACTER?

YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU SAY SHIT LIKE THAT, IT HURTS.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY MY TOUGH EXTERIOR, I HAVE FEELINGS.

IT'S OBVIOUSLY A TRAP.

NO SHIT, ACKBAR.

DOESN'T MEAN IT'S GONNA STOP ME.

WE JUST HAVE TO BE SMART--

YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT. I'M DOING THIS MY WAY.

DON'T BE A DUMBASS, KID. ANNABEL VADICCI IS ONE OF THE MOST WELL-CONNECTED, ARROGANT, AND PSYCHOTIC PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET.

SHE'S GOT AT LEAST A HUNDRED GUNS WORKING THIS ONE PIECE OF LAND.

YOU RUSH IN THERE, YOU'RE GONNA GET US ALL KILLED.

RUSHING INTO THINGS IS KIND OF MY **THING**.

IT'S TRUE. SOMETIMES WE CALL HIM LEEROY.

YOU KNOW, LIKE THE INTERNET THING.

RELAX, BOOMER. YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP MY SEAT WARM.

I'LL BE BACK FOR IT SHORTLY.

RICCO?

YOU AND FOZZ TAKE OVER-WATCH.

ROGER THAT. SLOW IS SMOOTH.

SMOOTH IS FAST.

LET'S MOVE.

I DON'T LIKE THIS KID.

IT'S QUIET. TOO QUIET.

CLEAR.

THUMP

THUMP

AIVIEEEEEEE!

MOM?

BONNIE!

WAIT...
MOM?!?

AHHHHAH!!

CRACK

SMACK

UGH!

OOMPF

MOM!

AHHHHHH!!

DIE, BITCH!

CRACK CRACK

MOM!

MOM?!

WHUMP

MOVE, KID.

BLAM

THIS IS KINDA **MY** THING.

KRAK

WHAT THE HELL TOOK YOU FUCKERS SO LONG?

OOF! NOT TOO TIGHT.

SORRY. YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE. MAYBE A BUSTED RIB OR TWO. NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.

HEY, BOO.

SUP, BABY?

UM, SO I HAVE A COUPLE QUESTIONS.

I'M SURE YOU DO.

FIRST OFF--

SHHHH.

smek

GROSS.

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING LATER.

BUT...I--

NOW ISN'T THE TIME. WE GOTTA MOVE.

PHWEEEEEETTT

EVENING, MR. SPARKS.

I HATE TO BREAK UP THE FAMILY REUNION, BUT--WELL, WHO AM I KIDDING, THIS COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER...

...FOR ME, OBVIOUSLY.

THIS **CUNT.**

I'M GONNA SQUEEZE THE LIFE FROM HER MYSELF.

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU GUYS A COUPLE OF OPTIONS.

BRING 'EM OUT.

NO!

OH MY GOD.

FLINT, RUN!

KRAK

YOU CAN RUN, IF YOU CHOOSE.

THESE TWO WON'T RUN, 'CAUSE YOU KNOW, THEY'LL BE **DEAD**.

THERE'S ABOUT TWO THOUSAND ACRES BACK THERE THAT YOU COULD TRY AND HIDE IN.

MAYBE YOU EVADE MY GUARDS, THE COPIOUS TRAPS WE'VE SET, AND YOU DON'T GET LOST.

OR, MAYBE WE FIND AND WE HURT YOU. WE SLOWLY TEAR PIECES OF YOUR LIVES AWAY WHILE THE OTHERS WATCH.

AND WE'LL START WITH HER.

INSTEAD, MIGHT I RECOMMEND A THIRD OPTION?

THE KID AND THE GIRL CAN FUCK OFF TO GOD KNOWS WHERE. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THEM. I'LL EVEN LET THESE TWO GOONS GO ABOUT THEIR MERRY WAY.

BUT YOU, FLINT SPARKS. YOU SURRENDER TO ME.

FUCK THIS RAGGEDY BITCH, SPARKS.

TELL HER TO GO JUMP OFF A CLI--

BLAM

NOOOOO!

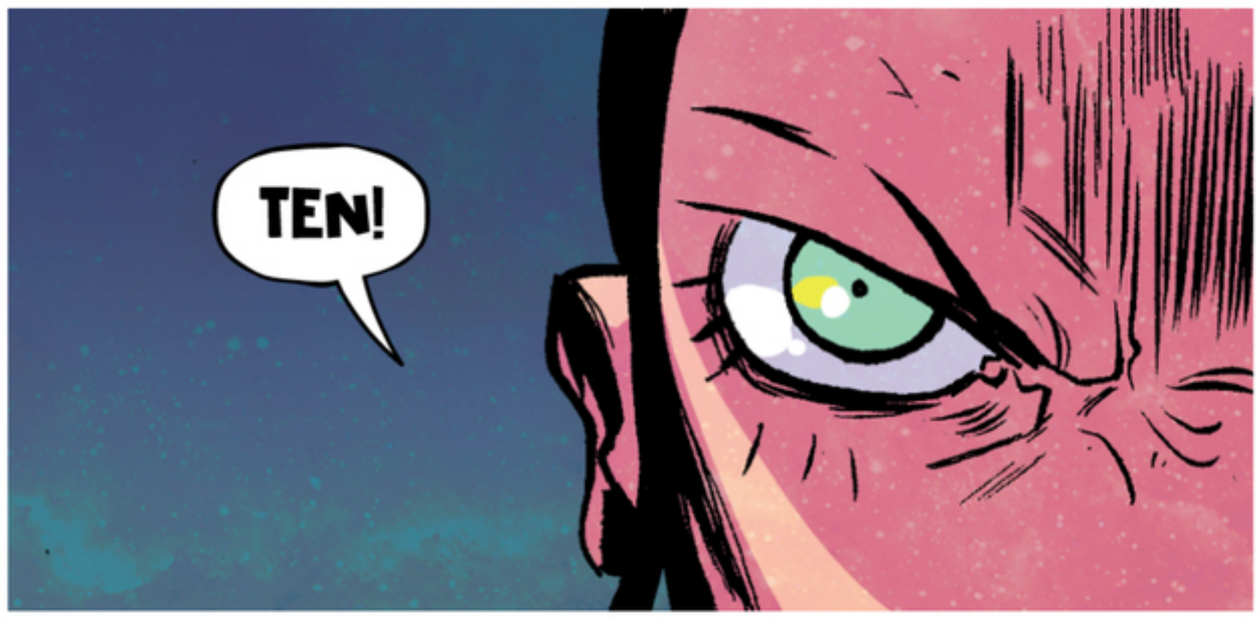
ARRRGGGHHH!

WHOK

WE ARE NOW DOWN TO ONE GOON.

YOU'VE GOT TEN SECONDS TO MAKE YOUR DECISION.

FLINT...


TEN!

LET GO OF ME.

NINE!

ENOUGH BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED ON MY ACCOUNT.

I REFUSE TO LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU. TO FOZZ. TO...

EIGHT!

YOUR SON?

SEVEN!

YOU TAKE YOUR MOTHER AND YOU **RUN**, KID.

SIX!

YOU RUN FAR AWAY FROM HERE AND YOU NEVER STOP.

FIVE!

BONNIE, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN--

FOUR!

I KNOW, BABE.

YOU'RE A SPARKS, LOVE. WE ALL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.

HEY, KID...

THREE!

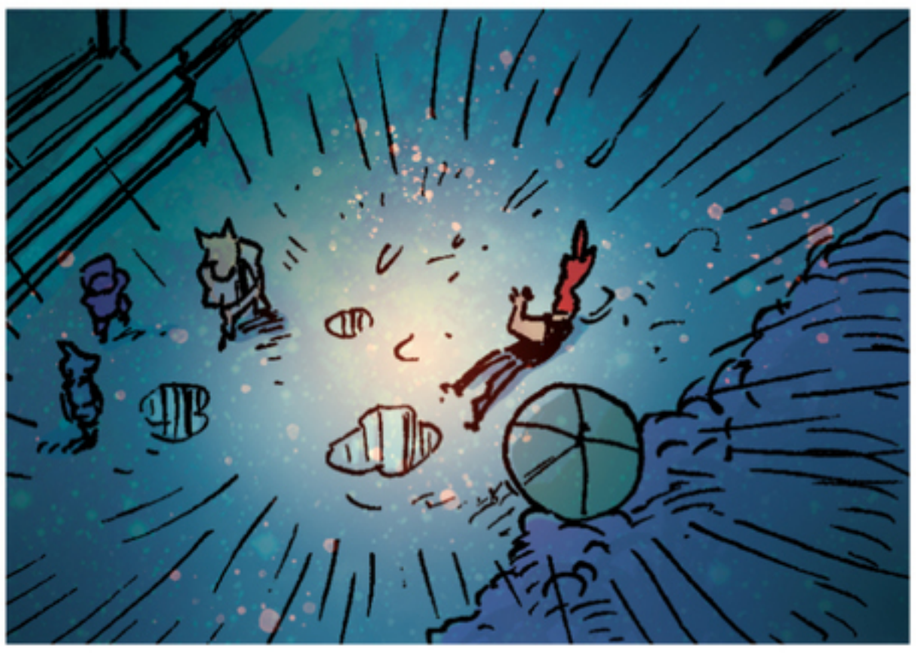
MADE IT THIS FAR WITHOUT YOUR HELP.

TRUST ME, I GOT THIS..

TWO!

CLICK

ENOUGH!



GO!

LET HIM GO.

FLINT...YOU CAN'T!
TAKE CARE OF BONNIE AND THE KID.

DON'T LET BONNIE SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

SUCH A GENTLEMAN TO THE VERY END.

SO, WE GONNA DO THIS **SHIT**, OR WHAT?

GET ON YOUR KNEES.

IN YOUR DREAMS, ASSHOLE.

BLAM

I DON'T BEG.

GRRRRR

ARGGHHH!!

BLAM

FOR THOU RETURNETH TO SOIL AND BECOME ONE WITH THE MOTHER WHO BIRTHED YOU.

MAY YOUR SOUL BE DAMNED TO THE FURTHEST REACHES OF HELL.

GOODBYE, FLINT SPARKS.

BOOM

SPAK

splut

WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH HIS BODY?

TAKE HIM OFF THE PROPERTY AND TOSS HIM IN THE NEAREST DITCH. HE DESERVES NOTHING ELSE.

HIS PRESENCE HAS ALREADY SOILED THE LEGACY OF THIS FAMILY ENOUGH. HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO SHARE THE SAME SOIL AS MY BROTHER.

YES. MA'AM.

"MY FATHER WAS A DANGEROUS INDIVIDUAL. HIS NAME WROUGHT SORROW AND MISERY UPON ANY WHO CROSSED HIM OR HIS FAMILY.

"THERE ARE A GREAT MANY PEOPLE IN THIS BUSINESS WHO ARE GOOD AT KILLING.

"AT PUSHING PEOPLE TO THE FARTHEST EDGE OF PAIN."

"JON AND FLINT WERE AS CLOSE TO THE DEVIL AS THIS BUSINESS HAS EVER SEEN.

"THE LIST OF THOSE WHO WANTED MY FATHER KILLED KNOWS NO END.

"BUT SOMETHING THEY NEVER SEEM TO REALIZE...

"...IS THAT YOU CAN'T KILL THE BOOGEYMAN."

NOT THE END.